

LITERARY JUDGMENT BY A MINISTER. There has been lately exposed an atrocious literary theft; that an was over perpetrated, and to make the matter worse, the offender belongs to the clerical profession. One or two occasions during the last year or two, the Rev. J. W. Inglis, of the Presbyterian Church of St. John's, Faber, has delivered a lecture on Mutual Help, which had been prepared by all who have heard it, and addressed it, with no regard to the authorship. Information has reached The Argus that the lecture was not an original one, a reporter attended the North Melbourne Church where the lecture was once more announced for delivery, and the lecturer's words were taken down. Upon examination, it was found that the shorthand notes of the lecture corresponded almost verbatim with a published essay of the Rev. Dr. Huntington's (of New York) on "Society as a School of Mutual Help." Mr. Inglis was at once charged with the literary larceny, but until now, as far as we are aware, no steps have been taken to secure his punishment. As, however, he has adopted the letters in a hurry, and having forgotten so acknowledge it, it is quite evident clearly apparent. Having declined to send his M.S. for comparison with the shorthand notes, the Argus published, in parallel columns, a transcription of the notes, and extracts from Dr. Huntington's book, which conclusively proved the accusation. Mr. Inglis made an "explanation" to his congregation, in which he said he had "unconsciously acknowledged having been indebted to Dr. Huntington's book," and "had no right to claim it as my own," but that on subsequent occasions he had neglected to fill in the acknowledgment. Mr. Inglis, however, did not explain how all this agreed with the fact that he had always "completely accepted the praises bestowed upon him for his admirable lecture," nor with the announcements made by him on the very night of his detection, that he proposed to publish his lecture as "a contribution to the thought of the world." His conduct, however, has been extremely censured, especially as he has the Buller Free Press, having heard his defense, pronounced upon him a severe censure, in which the public generally have heartily concurred.—*Melbourne Argus.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Marquis of Ripon has been unanimously elected, for the third time. Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Freemasons of England.

Stephen Pearl Andrews suggests that "the abolitionist elementism of being educated or reappearing by analogy within the related and connected clubhouses." This should be generally known.

The Journal, *Le Renseignement*, contains the following advertisement:—Madame E. M., aged 45 years, very well preserved, desires to unite herself to a man aged from 30 to 35 years. Address E. M.—

A rumour has obtained currency that Lord Penzance is again to introduce the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords and that the Archbishop of York is to cease his opposition.

INTENTIONS OF THE POPE.—A correspondent, writing from Rome, last Saturday, states that, according to the Pope to-day I was personally invited by the Holy Father that he has no intention of leaving Rome, unless circumstances at present unforeseen should compel him to take that step. The health of Pius IX. is now wonderfully good, and he seems to be most hearty and cheerful.

"There is at least one State in Europe," says a Dutch educational weekly, "where there is more money spent on education than on the army." In Switzerland the expenditure amounts to over ten million francs, whereas the military expenses remain below that sum. In time of need the happy Republic can raise an army of 200,000 men."

REMAINS OF A MAN FOUND IN A SEABECK.—A correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, writing from St. Albans, Macdonald River, says, he can vouch for the following facts:—On Monday, December 11, while Mr. James Singleton of the Lower Mill, was shark-catching at the mouth of the river, he saw a man's body floating about three fathoms from the shore, and about 100 yards offshore. On opening the animal's attention was drawn by the young man who was with him to the round appearance of one part of its nose, and on cutting open the stomach he found, along with a quantity of fowl's feathers and stings bones, a human hand and bones of one arm. There were none of the bones of the head, wanting, and from the appearance of the teeth Mr. Singleton believed the remains to be those of a young man. No trace of clothing, or of any other object, could be identified.

TWINKLE.—A brief letter from Dorchester, Mass., to the Boston (U.S.) Advertiser, tell the following:—There are in this town two twin brothers, whose resemblance to each other is so strong that strangers can hardly tell them apart. They keep a grocery and provision store, and were one day bringing a bag of meal from a wagon, which was out of sight from inside the store, when both burst out crying, "We're twins!"

Reservoir Pond, and once El going, as was his wont, to Nathan's house to call him by tapping on the pane, saw his grandfather seated at the glass, and taking off his hat, called out, "Come on, they're all waiting for you!"

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—APRIL 26TH, MORNING.

New Patas, \$630 to \$632; Old Patas, \$640 to \$642; New Patas, \$651 to \$653; 4th Sales on time to arrive, from speculators hands; New Bonars, \$60 to \$642; Old Bonars, \$620 to \$622; Malva, \$600 to \$605. Market quiet for all kinds.

SHARES.—Hongkong Bank Shares, Old—\$2 per cent. Hongkong Bank Shares, New—60 per cent. premium.

Union Insurance Society of Canton, new shares—\$1.40 per share premium.

China's Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$1.45 per share premium.

China and Japan Marine Insurance—Tla. 43 per share premium.

Chinese Insurance Company—\$1.15 per share premium.

Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$1.50 per share premium.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$1.50 per share premium.

Victoria Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$1.50 per share premium.

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—32 per cent. discount.

Hongkong, Canton and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—33 per cent. premium.

Shanghai Steam Navigation Company—Tla. 36 per share premium.

China, Straits, and British Steamship Company—5 per cent. discount, nominal.

China and Straits Steam Navigation Company—25 per cent. discount.

Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$5 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—47 per cent. discount.

Hongkong Distillery Company—par, nominal.

Indo-Chinese Sugar Company—\$4 to \$4.50 per cent. discount.

Hongkong Rice and Godown Company—\$15 per cent. discount.

EXCHANGE.—ON LONDON.—Bank Bills, at 30 days' sight, — Bank Bills, at 6 months' sight, 4/5— Documentary Bills, at 6 months' sight, 4/5— Bank Bills, at demand, 4/5—

ON NEW YORK.—Bank Bills, 5 months' sight, —

ON BOMBAY.—Bank Bills, 3 days' sight, 2/2—

ON CALCUTTA.—Bank Bills, 3 days' sight, 2/2—

ON SHANGHAI.—Bank Bills, 3 days' sight, 7/2—

Bank Bills, 15 days' sight, 7/2—

Private, 30 days' sight, —

Sales of April 26TH, 1872.

Sugar, 1st quarter, 1,000 piculs, at \$2.54.

Sugar, 1st quarter, 1,000 piculs, at \$2.42, by Yen-

ching, to Hongkong merchant.

Sugar, 1st quarter, 1,000 piculs, at \$2.54, by Kin-hing-cheung to foreign merchant.

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Extracts.

The Last Great War.
("Passages from my Private Diary," by
William Howard Russell).

August 27.—I feel very much like the Irish actor of whom "J. M." (called by his special familiaris "Colonel the Honourable James Macdonald") tells the story that he—the local tragedian of Cork—being obliged to enact the part of some mutineer to a company of Roman represented by Macready, burst through the minions who were about to hurl him from the "Prestige and Errock," and rushing to the footlights, demanded of the gallery: "Oh! Mother of Host! where am I going to?" Well, we were merrily on our way to Paris. That is the Third Army, under the Crown Prince, had the mission to go direct upon the Capital and Châlons, and, if Marshal MacMahon barred the way, to beat him as a matter of course. Our progress, so far, has not been rapid, nor in a direct line. That is explained clearly enough by the situation of the invading armies, because the Crown Prince would not throw himself in the air, and had to keep up communications with the King's Army—the First and Second—which had Bazaine's Army to deal with, so that he could not advance on Châlons but the Metz position was thoroughly defined. No one ever speaks of "the Emperor" as a leader. It is "Bazaine" and "MacMahon." Both these have been beaten already. I remember that when Bazaine, who after all, is an "African" sort of a general, was named to the command of a district, it was regarded as a proof of the Emperor's warlike intentions, because he was supposed to be "*bras querier, bras capable, bras bon soldat*." He has never given a proof of capacity for *bras querier*, but was described to me as rather a sensible, carpenter-like sort of man—a half-developed Peasant, with a good deal of swaggy—a *cafe billard*-kind of general—all fathers and sons, like Windfall Scott. He seems now to be fixed in a pretty tight place but it is impossible for us to speculate on the absolute situation and imprisonment of 150,000 of the lower of the French Army as a fixed element in our calculations. So we have had one eye fixed on Paris, and the other on Metz, and now, on the diagonal of the two forces, we are marching to some point to be unknown, so that here I am at Brabant le Roi in the tail of a great comet of some 90,000 men who have passed onwards, and have given us a sense of security if they have left little else behind them. I slept last night and awoke early. I do not care how soon I get out of Brabant le Roi, but here and at Remilly, Avesnes, we had to-day. A grating of saws and noise of rolling of legs in the pleasant gardens outside my window. Bleak out! There is the good old Padre sawing wood as if for his life. He is as cheerful and polished as a cardinal with a chance of the Pardon, and as strong as a centipede. If all parish priests were like M. Biudot, Curé of Brabant le Roi, there would be small room for the Infidels and Reactionaries who have made the country so wretched. He spoke so well and sensibly of affairs! And yet in quite believed in the miraculous character of an image in a chapel somewhere in the neighbourhood, and gave me a little book attesting to the miracles it had wrought. "Why could he not use it as an emblem of war, and put the enemy out of France?" "Well, France had not been true to the Church." "But she was at least not so untrue as the Lutheran Prussians." "No doubt! The end, however, was not yet. Did not heretics and schismatics overrun France to destroy a Bourgogne, who was not a good Catholic, but who was nevertheless, a son of the Church? And, having done so, did they not see his nephew on the Throne after all? But the principle, after all, was religion. It was better to worship an unknown God than to have no God at all." We had an excellent meal, hardis it was, for the Cure had fruit, honey, wine, and coffee; my mother had sugar and bread, and came with a piece of beef from the shambles of the German Commissariat, where I am inscribed as a very considerable person for rations, which I do not always receive. He had routed so many knights and esquires in a contest for portions of a small French ox, and the Cure's cook had, by magical arts, made it tender and tastful. After breakfast went out to the street to learn the latest news. Met Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and the Prince of Mecklenburg. Our delays are now near at hand. MacMahon has not fallen back upon Paris, but is advancing on the Saxon Army and the Army of the King, and is clearly making an effort for the relief of Metz! The Emperor, they say, is at Le Chene Populeux, and MacMahon seeks to thrust his Army in between the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Karl, or to beat the Army under the Crown Prince of Saxony, which seems feasible. This Army will be at once concentrated, and already the last, having wheel round, is marching rapidly towards the north and north-east, and getting in line with the right, so as to head off the Army of MacMahon. In my quarters near all day, writing. At 3 o'clock Colonel Walker came over to my quarters with maps, &c., and we had a long talk over the situation, which appears to him rather critical—in fact, he does not like it. The news of the Emperor being at Chene le Populeux may be doubted; but there is no question that MacMahon is engaged in an attempt to reach Metz, and to raise the investment of that place by a desperate forced march across our flank and front. The Crown Prince is not at all well. He is suffering from the complaint which attacked us at the outset of the campaign, and is so much indisposed as to be obliged to go about in a carriage. In Brabant le Roi there is no comfort. Princes and Dukes in big boots or in leather overalls clank disconsolately over the muddy causeway, smoke dreadful tobacco, and eat the meals of poverty. And whose dog am I that should growl? There is Prince Albert's brother gravelling a hole opposite, and three "Hereditary Princes" looking as if they wished there was only one of them over a dash of Irish stew. And, no one knows where we are going. At least, those who do know will not tell. The certainty that we shall hear to-day is relieved by the assurance that we move to-morrow. The curate tells me, as I go to lie down, he is "glad I am not a German." I thought he meant for my son's sake, but on inquiry, I learned it was on account of my body, for these gentlemen will never see their patriotic again." It was terrible, "*mais c'est*"—And somehow General von Blumenthal was quite of a different opinion, "for taking me into a room in which was a table covered with a large map on a scale of an inch to the mile, he said: 'These French are lost, you see. We know they are there, and there, and there—MacMahon's Army. Where can they go to? Poor foolish fellow. They must go to Belgium or fight there and be lost.' And he put his finger on the map, between Mezieres and Charleroi!"

August 28.—The Head-quarters column to make the best of way to St. Menefield. A great study of maps. Up at 4 o'clock. Could not sleep. The clangor of band and rumble of Artillery trains, the voices and tramp of troops on the march, increasing throughout the night. Started very early. The Prince passed me in a carriage attended by Count Eulenburg and his physician as I rode out of the town. We hatted at cross-roads where the stones marked seventy-five Kilometres to Rheims and sixteen to Mar-le-Duc. Her officers came to the Prince with reports which caused much excitement. The cavalry have been engaged with the French

near Noyon. After a frightful march through the mud got to our halting place at 3:30 p.m. St. Menefield was filled with troops. An immense mass of broken field-pieces, swords, helmets of Pompeii lying in the square, surrendered, under the terrible proclamation which inflicts the penalty of death upon any one in whose possession a house, arms are found—concealed. The main street was a foot deep in mud. Through this I had to wade up and down, dragging my weary horse after me in search of quarters, and of stable. The first I developed out of the depths of my inner unconsciousness. Then I found a stable unoccupied, put up my horse, and when the groom arrived, told him where to go. He came back to say that he had been turned out with ignominy by a Staff officer, who claimed the stable as his own. At last, through the agency of an old lady, in whose house, at the corner of a street looking upon the public square, I had quartered myself, shelter was procured for the poor beasts, but scarcely food. The pie old woman was very much concerned for the fate of the young people in foreign uniforms she saw about the streets. "She did not know where about, and would not leave one of us alive unless we laid down our arms." I told her I never would surrender my steel pen. Madame declared the English were always sneaky, and always the enemies of France, who had saved them in the Crimea. I thought of General Blumenthal's assurance that night, in three or four days the whole French Army would be surrounded or driven into Belgium. "They are lost. They were there last night. They cannot get away now." I dined at the Crown Prince's quarters in a fine building upon the public square. At dinner two Hussars, one the young fellow, one a Black Brunswicker, came with reports confirming the presence of the French beyond Boulay. Again Blumenthal repeated his vaccination. There was almost an affection of pity in the tone in which he said—"Why they are lost; they cannot escape!" It was as if he was affecting sorrow for them, but a twinkle in the General's eye did not complete the impression. The Crown Prince was grave, but not at all melancholy or dispirited, although he suffered a good deal. He made merry over the unpalatable-looking mess prescribed for him by excellent Dr. Wegner, and cast hungry glances from his plate of frumenty to the French pot, which his lusty followers were sounding deeply. These campaigning times need strong meat and moderate drink, and frumenty does not look like good stuff to fight upon. My companion, Major von Winterfeldt, the Head-Quarters Commandant, explained that he was sorry to be obliged to turn out certain horses he had found in his stable. I wonder if he knew whose they were? I did at all events. Before leaving the Crown Prince inquired if I was prepared for marching early, and perhaps a long day's work. "We can't know when we may come up to the—*and*, although I have no fear for the result, one who has seen so much of war needs not to be told that we never can forget what any hour may bring forth."

August 29.—No rest for those who dwell in tents, camp, and quarters, for even when they halt for a day they are uneasy and wish to be off. Anything is better than "sitting down before a place," or sticking on a plateau as we did at Sebastopol, and the Prussian system of using towns, villages, and houses generally, instead of camps, introduces us to great varieties of interiors and characters. My old lady is a scrofulous, and it is full of stories, mostly legal, respecting the families of St. Menefield, which, as she says, has made itself famous by reason of its Postmaster. I was a long time getting off. The little grom became demoralised at very outset of the march, and he and my horses appear more dilapidated, each half there is always a row as to the "one," which is seldom up in time, and when it is up and drive, comes to grief by reason of the weight of the red-headed, puny-nosed Bavarian Guardsmen, who have charge of our part of the Baggage Column when he goes up to take his place. I may envy my fellow-labourers, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells. They have bought a curious old cart, which is very well strong and easy, and have a pair of horses which are kept alive by a continuous miracle. But that is nothing. On the box there is installed a real soldier, who drives and acts by his presence as a universal key, passport, and open sesame. He was wounded in the foot at Worth, and they got leave to appropriate him, and now that Stanislas has quite recovered, he seems to prefer his box seat to foot to glory again in the ranks of his company. Stanislas is a tall, chiseled, omniscient Pole, and all his anxiety is to keep his place and not to lose his nadirhelmet, with his spiky helmet, invariably cocked, and with his spurs. As I was riding across the Place to overtake the Staff I heard my name called, and, turning, saw the Duke of Manchester, in his ride uniform, all equipped for the field. "He had arrived in the hope of being invited or permitted to accompany the Crown Prince, to whom he is well known, and was mortified to find that his soldierly desire to see service could not be gratified. If any man could hope to go with the Head-Quarters of a German Army from connections and strong sympathy it was the Duke. But there he stood, *plante* in St. Menefield though "determined," he said, "to see some of the game." I thought I never would get clear of the traps and trains on the road to-day, and was heartily tired of the long tramp and splash in the slush through which, as Gottberg led the van of the cavalcade, we went flying. Canter—not gallop—walk, and so on, as if we were going to ride down the French on our own account. Terms! Here did we halt this horrid afternoon, worn by a long and anxious march. How the caprices of history exact the horns of the humblest little corners and nobles of the world! A straggling crooked street with two or three lanes off it close to the Forest of Argonne. He must be a very close student of history who knows that here a King of Prussia lodged once after no less an event than the birth of Alme. Such a wretched hole—worse than a ditch! It is the centre now of life, for there are some 50,000 men close packed around it. Wurtzbergers, Prussians, Bavarians, horse, foot, and artillery, are bivouacked in order of battle. By day the smoke of camp fires rises above every wood; at night the sky is red with their flames. The inhabitants are loud in their lamentations. This is a hard trial for them, for the soldiers, probably impelled by hunger, having outrunched their commissaries, are going through the houses. What is left of food, straw, corn, and wine by one set is taken by the next, and when we leave famine stalks the people in the face. Ignorance of any means of communication or of explaining their wants increases the suffering of the people. Just now the poor woman with whom I am billeted rusted into my room, entreating me to save her from two soldiers "who had threatened to cut her throat." I went down and found a man with a piece of raw meat in one hand his sword in the other, which he had drawn for the purpose of cutting the junk in two for himself and his comrade. He declared that

Insurances.

OCEAN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON.

INCORPORATED 1855.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

THE UNDERWRITER having been appointed Agent for the above Company, are prepared to grant Marine Risks at current rates.

AUGUSTINE HEARD & CO.

1831 Hongkong, 7th June, 1867.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Undersigned having been appointed Agents in Hongkong for the above Company, are prepared to grant Marine risks at current rates.

AUGUSTINE HEARD & CO.

471 Hongkong, 8th March, 1868.

UNIVERSAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, (OF LONDON).

THE Undersigned having been appointed Agents for the above Company at this Port, Shauhaia, Foochow, Hankow, and Yeh-hua, are prepared to accept Marine Risks at current rates.

GILMAN & CO.

47 Hongkong, 6th March, 1871.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

REVERSION IN THE RATE OF PREMIUM.

DETACHED HOUSES, £1,000,000.

DETACHED HOUSES, £1,000,000.